

MY GRANDMOTHER'S WHEEL.

It stands in the attic, 'mid rubbish and dust,  
Its glory has faded, as all glory must:  
But once in its heyday, 'twas stationed  
With pride  
In the coolest spot of the ingle-nook wide.  
And from dawn's early blush till the sup-  
per bell's peal  
Might be heard the soft hum of my grand-  
mother's wheel.

With many a twist and with many a twirl  
My grandmother spun on that wheel as a  
girl.  
She was but a maid, in that far-away time  
(Now a stately old dame, in the pride of  
her prime),  
And many a love dream was wound on her  
reel.  
As well as the skeins spun by grandmoth-  
er's wheel.

While thus she was spinning one sunshiny  
day  
My grandfather chanced to be passing that  
way.  
He spied her at work, in her 'kerchief so  
smart,  
And she spun through his fancy right into  
his heart!  
He was gallant and young, and he wooed  
her with zeal,  
And won the fair hand turning grand-  
mother's wheel!

Ah! many, thereafter, the soft fleecy rolls  
She spun from the fluff of the cotton's  
white bolls!  
And many the skeins that were hung in a  
row,  
To be woven in cloth for the bridal trousseau!  
And many a love dream was wound on the  
reel.  
While Cupid sat perched on my grand-  
mother's wheel!

—Helen Whitney Clark, in Good House-  
keeping.

TWO DREAMERS.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

—Copyright, 1898.

ARTHUR M'HENRY did not know  
that he was poor until his wife  
told him so. He had frequently seen  
himself in print as "one of our success-  
ful literary men," and he had always  
believed that it was true. But Mrs.  
McHenry proved the contrary.

It must not be supposed that she  
made the statement in the simple and  
direct language that is here employed.  
To the best of McHenry's recollection,  
the first thing she said on the subject  
was that their neighbor, Mrs. Winston,  
had taken 15 hats to the seashore, and  
that one of them cost as much as \$75.

The young author replied with that  
fine insight so characteristic of him,  
that if Mrs. Winston carried more in-  
side her head and less on top of it, she  
would afford greater pleasure to the  
judicious observer.

"That \$75 hat was a dream," replied  
Mrs. McHenry.

A few days later they went down to

baubles ever dug out of the soil were  
worth.

It seemed to McHenry that the sub-  
ject must be exhausted, but on the con-  
trary there was just as much of it  
next morning at breakfast. Arthur  
had the natural desire of a dutiful  
husband to make himself agreeable;  
and, finding that there was only one  
possible theme of conversation, he  
took it up as best he might, relating  
some stories of the splendid follies of  
Lucullus, that he had found in a re-  
cent historical monograph.

Rarely had he gained so close atten-  
tion, and he was naturally flattered;  
pleased, besides, to gratify the ear of  
one he loved. So he talked on and on,  
and at last his fancy caught up the  
thread of a possible romance, the story  
of a modern Lucullus who should  
astound New York with his magnifi-  
cence.

The idea took strong hold of him, and  
he gave considerable time to it that  
day, outlining the plot of the story and  
arranging the balance of characters.  
Before the end of the week, he had  
written the introductory chapter and  
he read it to his wife though he had  
never before been guilty of such an  
act. He had occasionally told her the  
plots of stories that he intended to  
write, and always with the most dis-  
tressing results to himself. Rarely in-  
deed was a tale so told ever put down  
on paper. But in this instance Anne  
was enthusiastic.

"That will be a great story," she said.  
"It's different from your others; it's  
interesting."

Arthur viewed both praise and slur  
with cynical indifference. He had  
already grown cold to his new story  
and would have laid it aside forever.  
In his soul he knew it to be "cheap"  
in theme and plot, a yarn for the vulgar.  
He would never have written another  
word of it if he had not seen in it a  
means of revenging himself upon his  
wife for her now ceaseless talk of  
wealth and luxury.

It is difficult for the most contented  
of mankind to converse eternally of  
things he cannot have without begin-  
ning to desire some of them. One is  
no longer able to fall back upon the old  
maxims or verses about peasants that  
are happier with black bread and toil  
than kings with banquets and no work  
but the digesting of them. If one is  
honest he must admit that a steam  
yacht is a good thing, but what is the  
use of talking about it all the time?

When such subjects became unbear-  
able Arthur would rush to his den  
and with a heart full of bitterness  
dash off a few chapters of "The Modern  
Lucullus" that would reek with the  
most monstrous extravagances. He laid  
his characters through a fairy  
land that was strictly up to date. In  
the glory of golden light multi-mil-  
lionaires and "multi-millionairesses"  
revealed in bliss, while—for the sake of  
the contrast—poor but honest crea-  
tures were depicted in outer darkness,  
gnashing their teeth.

In his better moments Arthur realized  
that he was doing a base and fool-

piece of pie with a glass of milk, and  
the woman will actually buy things  
when she goes shopping. That sort of  
thing needs an income.

In the matter of swell clothes, also,  
you will find that one gorgeous even-  
ing toilet requires another, for other-  
wise the wearer will become known as  
"the woman with the pink silk," and  
that is worse than death. Arthur Mc-  
Henry learned this fact in natural his-  
tory very soon and then he learned a  
fact in arithmetic to match it; name-  
ly, that you can't subtract 800 from  
660 and leave a balance in the bank.

About that time, however, a little  
good luck helped Arthur out, and he  
thought that affairs were always go-  
ing to run that way. So he bought a  
few more diamonds for Anne; but they  
didn't produce quite the usual effect—  
they were not large enough.

He avenged himself with "The Modern  
Lucullus." As his imagination  
began to tire, he visited the libraries,  
and studied the records of the magnifi-  
cent liberality with which princes  
have spent the money wrung from  
peasants, and spendthrifts have scat-  
tered to the four winds the accumu-  
lations of the prudent. There is a con-  
siderable literature on the subject, and  
Arthur was surprised to find it ex-  
tremely fascinating. The literary "at-  
mosphere" which he had sought was  
easy to get and it clung to him in his  
daily life, making extravagances pleas-  
ant and follies the signs of an elevated  
nature.

Presently, however, this sort of thing  
brought him up with a round turn.  
Between the first and the fifteenth of  
a certain month he saw more bills  
than he had ever seen before, and had  
less sleep. Then, indeed, he knew  
which way he was drifting.

Many years ago there was a man  
who bit an apple that he should have  
shunned, and meanly cast the blame  
upon another. There was enough of  
the old Adam in Arthur to make him  
repeat the words that were spoken in  
the garden: "This woman that thou  
gavest me—"

So he read a few more chapters of  
"The Modern Lucullus" to Anne, and  
was basely pleased to note that they  
tormented her soul. She talked in her  
sleep about a banquet which he had  
described, where the illumination  
came from tiny incandescent lamps,  
each one inserted into the heart of a  
diamond.

Arthur began to take a foolish pride  
in the effect which this story produced  
upon the most "difficult" critic that he  
had ever encountered. He devoted  
more time to it; he turned away from  
other work that would have brought  
him money, and put his best energy  
into this monstrous concoction. He  
had to stifle his judgment and chloro-  
form his conscience in order to write  
such stuff, but he did it; and with such  
persistence that at last the day came  
when he had not a penny in the bank  
nor a story in any publisher's hands.  
Even his small royalties were drawn  
upon in advance; and he had borrowed  
from every man who would lend him a  
dollar.

And on the evening of the day when  
the realization of this situation came to  
him, Anne announced that Mrs. Win-  
ston had bought a sealskin coat for  
\$360. The retort this time did not take  
the form of fiction; instead it was hard  
fact. Arthur told his wife, with a  
frankness that spared no detail, just  
exactly what kind of a hole they were  
in. They had a weird and terrible even-  
ing; and the next morning was worse,  
for Arthur was unable to lift his head  
from his pillow, and had the general  
appearance of a man who is  
going to be laid up a long time. And  
between them they hadn't ready money  
enough to pay the grocer's bill for a  
week.

The doctor who attended Arthur was  
of the opinion that the active and earn-  
est malaria germ was at the root of  
the trouble, but Anne laid it to worry,  
and she had one of those experiences  
with her conscience which are the sal-  
vation of many a woman.

When the young author recovered,  
about a month later, he learned that  
his wife had pawned most of her dia-  
monds to pay his debts, and the cur-  
rent expenses of the house. This  
thought filled him with despair, for he  
had an especial horror of the pawn-  
shop; besides he knew how Anne had  
valued these trinkets—and she had been  
very good to him while he had been ill.  
He made the most desperate resolu-  
tions regarding work, but unfortunately  
he had nothing to start with except  
"The Modern Lucullus." This he knew  
to be dreadful stuff, and he felt like  
wearing a mask when he took it to a  
publisher; but necessity permits no  
scruples.

The rest of the story is a matter of  
notoriety. Everybody knows what  
"The Modern Lucullus" did. It sold,  
and sold, and sold. It is selling yet.  
People are reading it in Australia, and  
Borneo, and places that are not down  
on an ordinary map. In America it  
was taken as the wildest dream of the  
century; in England as a work of real-  
ism written by one of the wealthiest men  
and faithfully depicting scenes of our  
metropolitan life. Arthur could prob-  
ably borrow money from almost any-  
body over there, on the mere presenta-  
tion of his card. But he doesn't need  
to borrow. He can sell any old thing  
now for a fat price, and the cost of a  
few diamonds wouldn't matter much to  
him to-day.

Does Mrs. McHenry wear many dia-  
monds? Not she. The lady will run  
away if the subject is mentioned. She  
had one great scare, and it cured her  
effectually. Her folly made them rich,  
by a strange freak of fortune, but it  
will never make them poor again.

If any person can get a moral out of  
this story he is welcome to do so.  
It seems to teach that extravagance is  
a good thing; but that isn't what the  
author intended.

Chess Taught in Schools.

The game of chess is taught in all  
the Austrian schools.

FORTY-SIX THOUSAND MILES

IN A FORTY-FOOT BOAT.

Many Exciting Adventures Befel Captain Slocum in His Voyage All  
Alone Around the World \* Chased by Patagonian Pirates \* How He  
Managed to Have the "Spray" Sail Him While He Ate or Slept.

—Copyright, 1898.

Those who find an ocean-going  
steamer all too small for comfort, when  
they trust themselves to old Neptune's  
mercy, should, if possible, take a look  
at the Spray, of Boston, and then  
meditate on the 46,000 miles of brine  
through which she has thrust her  
blunt bows.

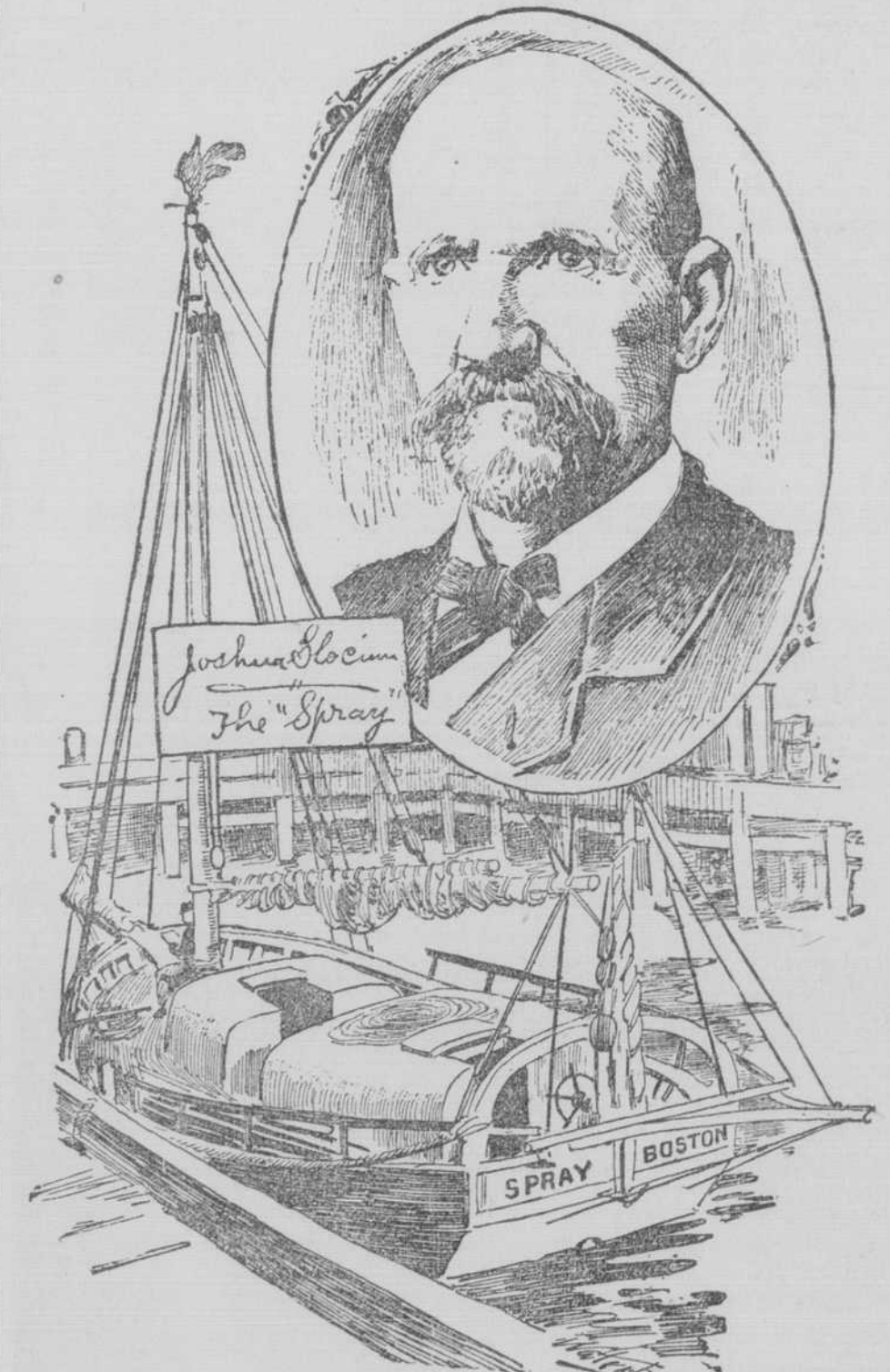
The Spray's builder and owner is  
Capt. Joshua Slocum, who combines  
the varied functions of "all hands and  
the cook" aboard this unique craft, in  
which he has just completed one of the  
most remarkable voyages on record.  
Capt. Slocum is all that a deep-sea  
sailor should be, according to the best  
traditions developed in the minds of  
the young by Marryat's thrilling ro-  
mances of adventure afloat. He would  
cheerfully go to sea on a plank, if  
nothing better offered, rather than risk  
those dangers which, as every sailor  
knows, threaten the landsman at  
every turn. He has sailed, at one time  
or another, in almost every sort and  
variety of craft that can be mentioned,  
and he has the utmost confidence in  
his ability to fetch a port at proper  
intervals.

A 40-foot yawl, such as the Spray,  
he considers about the right sort of a  
boat for a voyage around the world; if  
he were going a trifling distance, say  
to San Francisco, or England, he  
would not be so particular. But for a

clad afloat. In all the pounding she  
has had, and she has run more than  
a cap full of wind, she has not started  
a seam. I have never once had ac-  
casion to use the pump."

The Spray has a cabin aft, which the  
captain designates as "roomy," though  
the unnautical visitor may silently  
agree to differ with him on this point.  
It has just one berth, for Capt. Slo-  
cum made his famous voyage without  
companion, but, as he explains, he was  
not lonely, as "he had plenty to think  
about."

It would be difficult to find a more in-  
teresting place than this cabin, in  
which a tall man would have some  
trouble in standing upright. Ranged  
around its walls or stowed away for-  
ward under the deck is a most interest-  
ing collection of war clubs, spears,  
swords, shields, and a hundred and one  
odds and ends picked up in the various  
out-of-the-way ports the Spray visit-  
ed. One ugly-looking war club, cov-  
ered with dark stains, came from  
Africa, as did also a heavy rawhide  
shield, with a curious wicker covering.  
Another club and some spears came  
from Samoa. There were swords from  
China and Japan. A particularly in-  
teresting memento of the visit to Sa-  
moa are "The Sailing Directions in the  
Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean,"  
presented Capt. Slocum by Mrs. Rob-



CAPT. SLOCUM AND THE STANCH LITTLE "SPRAY."

really long sail, such as 46,000 miles,  
he is of the opinion that one needs  
something of a ship, and 49 feet of  
planking, with a width of 15 feet and  
a depth of six feet six inches, meets  
these requirements of size and safety.

The captain hails from Nova Scotia,  
but it's a long cry, as he shipped on  
his first voyage some 45 years ago,  
and has been the deepest sort of a  
deep-sea sailor ever since.

Notwithstanding his years of wander-  
ing, he has found time to marry  
and rear a family. His children have  
been characteristically prodigal in the  
matter of birthplaces. One son was  
born in Hong-Kong harbor, two in the  
Philippines and a daughter at San  
Francisco.

Several years ago the captain, with  
his wife and family, was wrecked off  
the coast of Brazil. From the wreck-  
age of his bark, the Aquedick, which  
claimed Baltimore as her home port,  
he built a small yawl. In it he made  
his way down the coast of South Amer-  
ica, around the Horn and up to New  
York, a matter of 7,000 miles. This  
boat, the Liberbad, is now in the  
Smithsonian Institution, Washington,  
a prominent if silent witness to the  
courage and ingenuity of a man who  
refused to be worsted by storm or  
shipwreck.

It was the success of this voyage in  
a cockle shell that induced Capt.  
Slocum to build the Spray, and start  
on his long and lonely cruise around  
the world. Three years and a half ago  
he began work on his "40-footer."  
"I had but a dollar and a half to my  
name when I commenced her," said he,  
in telling his story, "and she is all my  
own work. Every stick of timber I  
shaped out and put in place. I drove  
every nail and fastened every bolt.  
She is wonderfully stanch and sea-  
worthy, and as watertight as any iron-

ert Louis Stevenson. On the first page  
is written: "These books have been  
read and reread by my husband, and  
I feel sure that he would be pleased to  
have them passed on to the sort of sea-  
faring men whom he loved above all  
others."

These volumes are given a conspicu-  
ous place in the captain's little library,  
which includes a Bible, a set of Shake-  
speare, Bancroft's History, a few mis-  
cellaneous volumes and a dictionary.

It was on the 24th of April, 1895, that  
Capt. Slocum hoisted sail on board  
the Spray and put out to sea. He first  
touched Gloucester, Mass., where he  
took on several small barrels of fish  
oil, with the intention of using it at  
sea, in stormy weather, but the exper-  
iment of "oil on troubled waters" was  
never made, and the barrels were  
emptied of their contents at Fair  
Haven, Conn., at the termination of  
the cruise.

From Gloucester the Spray contin-  
ued north to Cape Sable. From this  
point the captain struck out boldly  
across the Atlantic. His next land was  
the Azores, where he arrived on July  
24th. On the 28th he put to sea again,  
and made a quick run to Gibraltar.  
Here he met with something like an  
ovation. He was quite the lion of the  
hour, the American and English resi-  
dents and tourists in particular show-  
ing a lively interest in him and his  
projected voyage around the world.  
Amongst other notables he met Lord  
Brassey, and in his company visited  
the island of Ceuta.

Capt. Slocum had intended to sail  
down the Mediterranean, but was  
warned against doing so, because of  
the Riff pirates, who are constantly  
looting small craft. This caused him  
to change his original plan, and he  
took the back tack for Pernambuco,  
on the coast of South America. From

Pernambuco he dropped down to Rio  
Janeiro, thus still following the coast  
to Buenos Ayres. Here he ran aground,  
his first mishap since setting sail,  
though even this in the end proved a  
fortunate chance, as the owner of the  
dry dock at Buenos Ayres offered to  
dock the Spray, make all necessary re-  
pairs and pay one hundred dollars for  
the privilege. This was Capt. Slo-  
cum's first opportunity to turn an hon-  
est dollar, and he promptly accepted the  
offer. The dry dock man charged  
everyone who came to look at the won-  
derful little craft that had twice  
crossed the Atlantic, and so made a  
very good thing out of the transac-  
tion himself. Leaving Buenos Ayres,  
the Spray sailed for a Chilean settle-  
ment; called at Sandy Point, in Pat-  
agonia. Here Capt. Slocum was  
warned to keep a sharp lookout for  
the Indians who infest the Straits of  
Magellan and prey upon small traders  
or shipwrecked sailors. The little  
yawl was five days in making her way  
through the straits. She fell in with  
the piratically disposed savages, and  
the captain adopted the trick of  
changing his clothes every few min-  
utes to give the impression that she  
carried a large crew. It was a tick-  
lish situation, and he narrowly es-  
caped capture and probable assassina-  
tion.

At Cape Pillar, the western end of  
the passage, a hard blow from the  
northwest came on, and the Spray,  
after buffeting it in vain, was driven  
back to the eastern entrance of the  
straits. On attempting the passage a  
second time Capt. Slocum was more  
fortunate. In the very teeth of a  
heavy wind he crept out of the danger-  
ous channel, and laid his course for  
the Island of Juan Fernandez, made  
famous by Alexander Selkirk, the  
original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.

Reaching Juan Fernandez, he found  
a very prosperous little community of  
some 35 persons, who, before they  
would allow their visitor to climb the  
rocks that form by far the largest part  
of the island, had him eat goat's flesh.  
This, they maintained, would give him  
immunity from danger on the cliffs.

The next land at which the Spray  
touched was in the Samoa group. The  
run from Juan Fernandez to Samoa  
took 62 days. In this time 6,000 miles  
were covered.

In all his long voyage, Capt. Slocum  
declares he was able to get what sleep  
he required. At night he would simply  
set the yawl on her course, lash the  
wheel, and go below and turn in. He  
encountered but very little bad weather,  
and it was this fact that made it  
possible for him to leave the Spray to  
herself.

From Samoa, Capt. Slocum sailed  
for New South Wales. Sydney was his  
first port. Leaving Sydney he ran  
down to Tasmania. From there he  
doubled back up the coast and around  
to Queensland, and then through the  
Inner Barrier Reefs, Torres straits  
and on into the Indian ocean. Cross-  
ing the Indian ocean, he touched at  
Keeling, Rodriguez and Mauritius is-  
lands. From the latter place he sailed  
for Natal, on the African coast. Quit-  
ting Natal he dropped around to Cape  
Town. It was while he was at Cape  
Town that he first heard of the blow-  
ing up of the Maine in Havana harbor.

He was now rapidly nearing the  
completion of his cruise, for he was  
once more in the Atlantic ocean. The  
Spray covered the distance between  
Cape Town and St. Helena, her next  
run, in 16 days, and continued on to  
Ascension island.

It was after the Spray had left As-  
cension, and was headed for Granada,  
that she fell in with a United States  
man-of-war which Capt. Slocum now  
supposes to have been the Oregon.  
The stranger signaled him and asked  
if he had seen any Spanish cruisers.  
Capt. Slocum, in ignorance that we  
were at war with Spain, thought it  
was some joke, and being rather of a  
humorist himself, promptly signaled  
back: "No, but let us keep together  
for mutual protection."

The Spray arrived at Granada on the  
morning of May 23, 1898, having made  
the circuit of the world in three years  
and two months. From Granada she  
sailed north to Newport, R. I., thence  
to Fair Haven, Conn., and down to  
New York, where she is at present,  
and looking none the worse for her  
long journey.

Morrible Traffic in Children.

The Paris authorities have at last in-  
terfered to put a stop to a horrible traf-  
fic in Italian children which has been  
carried on for a considerable time by a  
family named Valsa, says a Paris cor-  
respondent. The Valsas used to get the  
Italian embassy to send them back to  
Naples as paupers, and there they  
would engage a dozen or so boys of  
from 13 to 16 years of age whose lives  
they would insure. They then brought  
them to Paris and hired them out to  
factories, especially glass factories, at  
60 francs a month each, the money be-  
ing paid to the Valsas ostensibly for  
board and lodging. The board con-  
sisted of black bread, potatoes and wa-  
ter, and the lodging of a filthy, never-  
ventilated hut, where the children  
slept in relays of four, the bed never be-  
ing unoccupied for a moment. The Val-  
sas in this way cleared 40 francs month-  
ly on each of their victims. The chil-  
dren caught tuberculosis through  
working in the hot atmosphere of the  
glass factories, and as they also occa-  
sionally contracted other maladies the  
bed in the hut became a center of in-  
fection. Several children have died.  
The present inquiry is being made into  
three recent deaths. Dominico Valsa  
and his wife have been arrested in  
Paris, and Donato Valsa has been in-  
carcerated in Italy, where the high  
mortality among the children entrusted  
to him had finally aroused suspicion.—  
London Post.

Sharks in the Mediterranean.

Sharks are patronizing the Suez  
canal, and are making their way  
through it, from the Red sea to the  
Mediterranean.



"I COULD WEAR RINGS; MY FINGERS ARE MADE FOR THEM."

Manhattan beach for dinner; and in  
the course of the meal McHenry ob-  
served that his wife had passed into an  
hypnotic trance. Upon following the  
direction of her fixed and glittering  
eye, he was led to observe a woman  
who seemed to have just robbed a  
jewelry store, and to be escaping with  
the proceeds of her crime.

"Arthur," whispered Mrs. McHenry,  
a hushed and reverent voice, "did I  
ever see such lovely diamonds?"

"Never before saw so many on one  
man," he replied cheerfully; "dread-  
ful isn't it?"

But the lady did not reply. Her lips  
were pressed together so hard that  
they were white, and her fingers were  
twitched. Arthur noticed that the  
glance he had given her to mark their  
engagement was turned so that the  
little one-carat stone was con-  
centrated within the closed hand.

"Don't see how you can envy such  
as that," said he, "even though  
loaded with distressing gawags."

I suppose you would exchange  
with her; if the diamonds were thrown  
at her."

Mrs. McHenry opened and closed her  
lips nervously.

"I could wear rings," she said; "my  
fingers are made for them."

The able author risked no reply,  
being aware that all topics of conver-  
sation would be one in the present cir-  
cumstances, even as all roads lead to  
Rome. The subject was worse than  
interesting to him and he did his  
best to keep away from it, for the re-  
mainder of the evening—which was the  
least enjoyable that they had ever  
spent together.

On the following day, at dinner, Mc-  
Henry learned many strange and start-  
ling facts about diamonds. His wife  
had spent the afternoon in the jewel-  
ers' stores around Union Square, and  
he knew just what all the glittering